Bra. The worse welcome,
I haue charg'd thee not to haunt about my dores,
In honeſt plaineneſſe, thou haſt heard me ſay
My daughter is not for thee, and now in madnes,
Being full of ſupper, and diſtempering draughts,
Vpon malicious brauery, doſt thou come
To ſtart my quiet?
Rod. Sir, ſir, ſir.
Bra. But thou muſt needs be ſure
My ſpirit and my place haue in them power,
To make this bitter to thee.
Rod. Patience good ſir
Bra. What, tell'ſt thou me of robbing? this is *Venice*,
My houſe is not a graunge.
Rod. Moſt graue *Brabantio*,
In ſimple and pure ſoule I come to you.
Iag. Sir, you are one of thoſe, that will not ſerue God, if the Deuill bid you. Becauſe we come to doe you ſeruice, you thinke wee are Ruffians, youle haue your daughter couered with a Barbary horſe; youle haue your Nephewes neigh to you; youle haue Courſers for Couſens, and Gennets for *Germans*.
Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?
Iag. I am one ſir, that come to tell you, your daughter, and the Moore, are now making the Beaſt with two backs.
Bra. Thou art a villaine.
Iag. You are a Senator.
Bra. This thou ſhalt anſwere, I know thee *Rodorigo*.
Rod. Sir, I will anſwere any thing: But I beſeech you,
If't be your pleaſure, and moſt wiſe conſent,
(As partly I find it is) that your faire daughter
At this od euen, and dull watch oth' night,
Tranſported with no worſe nor better guard
But with a knaue of common hire, a *Gundelier*,
To the groſſe claſpes of a laſciuious Moore:
If this be knowne to you and your allowance,
Wee then haue done you bold and ſawcy wrongs?
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
Wee haue your wrong rebuke: Do not beleeue

That from the ſenſe of all ciuility,
I thus would play and trifle with your Reuerence.
Your daughter (if you haue not giuen her leaue,
I ſay again) hath made a groſſe reuolt,
Tying her duty, beautie, wit and fortunes,
In an extrauagant and wheeling Stranger,
Of here, and euery where: Straight ſatisfie your ſelfe;
If ſhe be in her chamber, or your houſe,
Let looſe on me the Juſtice of the ſtate,
For thus deluding you.
Bra. Strike on the tinder, Ho:
Giue me a taper, call up all my people:
This accident is not unlike my dreame,
Beleefe of it oppreſſes me already:
Light I ſay, light.
Iag. Farewell, for I muſt leaue you,
It ſeems not meet, nor wholeſome to my place,
To be produc'd (as if I ſtay I ſhall,)
Againſt the Moore, for I doe know the ſtate,
(How euer this my gaule him with ſome checke)
Cannot with ſafety caſt him, for hee's imbark'd,
With ſuch loud reaſon, to the Cipres wars,
(Which euen now ſtands in act) that for their ſouls,
Another of his fathome, they haue none
To lead their buſineſſe, in which regard,
Tho I do hate him, as I do hells pains,
Yet for neceſſity of preſent life,
I muſt ſhew out a flag, and ſign of loue,
Which is indeed but ſign, that you ſhall ſurely find him
Lead to the Sagittary the raiſed ſearch,
And there will I be with him. So farewell.

Exit.

Enter Brabantio *in his night gowne, and ſeruants with Torches.*

Bra. It is too true an euill, gone ſhe is,
And what's to come of my deſpiſed time,
I nought but bitterneſſe now *Rodorigo*,